

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 5.

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, AUGUST 24, 1894.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
 Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
 Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
 Deputy Sheriff, Robt. K. Burns.
 Clerk of Court, S. L. Brown.
 Clerk of Cir. Court, J. H. Patterson.
 Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
 Com'r's Co. Ct. (C. E. Beard, G. M. Kee, Amos Banlow.)
 Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.
 Coroner, Geo. P. Moore.

Justices: A. O. L. Gatewood, Split Rock—Chas. Cook, Edray—W. H. Grose, Huntersville—Jno R Taylor, Dunmore—G. R. Curry, Academy—Thos Bruffy, Lobelia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, 3rd Tuesday in June and 3rd Tuesday in October.
 County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July—July is levy term.

N. C. McNEIL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Marlinton, West Va.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining Counties, and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,

Attorney-at-Law,

Marlinton, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,

Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,

Huntersville, Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,

Attorney-at-Law,

Lewisburg, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Marlinton, W. Va.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

A. ANDREW PRICE,

Attorney-at-law.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

D. R. O. J. CAMPBELL,

DENTIST,

Monterey, Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County, at least twice a year. The exact date of his visits will appear in this paper.

D. R. J. H. WEYMOUTH,

RESIDENT DENTIST,

Beverly, W. Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

J. M. BARNETT, M. D.

has located at

FROST, W. VA.

Calls promptly answered.

C. B. SWECKER,

General Auctioneer

and Real Estate Agent.

Isell Coal, Mineral and Timber Lands. Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 21 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. Reference furnished. Postoffice—Dunmore, W. Va., or Alexander, W. Va.

M. F. GIESEY,

Architect and Superintendent,

Room, 19, Reilly Block,

Wheeling, W. Va.

William's River Ripples.

There were indeed merry ripples of laughter upon the steep banks of that world-famed river, and among the bramble patches on August 8th and 9th, when a happy band of pilgrims, the matron and maid (accompanied of course by a few specimens of the "sterner sex") made this hallowed spot the "Trysting Place" for a "Blackberry Camp." Several hundred gallons of the succulent fruit formed the result of this successful expedition.

It would be invidious to mention names but we have it on good authority, that Mr. J. H. G. Wilson, picked the little black chaps, "for all he was worth," just as if he had been born and bred in a briar patch! This is proof that he can turn out the "bumble kites" in as good form as he does his sleek, well groomed horses, and that is saying a good deal. Mr. Will McLaughlin was the "right man in the right place" for his mighty stature and long reach of arm came in useful when the berries happened to be out of reach.

There is a sad tale of woe that John McLaughlin ate more than he gathered, and he to be a school-teacher too! "Our lot is fallen in hard places, forsooth!" The merry blackberries "wooded the Drowsy God" and sought balmy slumber in such rough "shake downs" as barns and wagon-bottoms. But, "what's the odds so long as one's happy?" One "sport" was heard to exclaim that he wished there was two foot of snow on the ground as he would prefer locomotion in a sleigh, or on a "bicycle built for two" to that of crowding in a wagon! We wonder if her name is "Daisy! Daisy!"

Walter Yeager and Tom Townsend lost their way in the wild and woolly mountains and "landed up," quite by pure accident, you know! at Mr. Tariff's residence; but that gentleman told them that the "Tariff" was still on bed pillows, sadder but wiser boys. Better luck next time! But, be sure you look before you leap!

Anyway, let us rejoice that "Blackberry Jam" will rule the roast in peace and plenty, during the coming winter. Moreover, "When next they go a blackberrying, may I be there to see!"

BLACK BOY.

The war between China and Japan is going on, with what results not certainly known, as accounts are very conflicting. The impression seems to be that so far the advantage is with the Japanese. One against eight looks like an unequal contest. Except in speculative circles, there will not be much change noticeable in commercial affairs. Japanese movements seem to be directed with astonishing military skill, and on lines maturely and wisely considered to make it a sharp and decisive war. The history of the next year or two may have to be recorded as among the most important and bloody pages of modern history.

A correspondent of the *Tygart's Valley News* writing from Job on the Dry Fork rail road, says that the graders are one or two miles south of that point pushing for the middle splashdam five miles from Job. In five years it is predicted that a city as large as Davis will be built at the splash dam, the site of immense lumber and leather industries.

The same correspondent speaks of the telephonic communication with Harmon, and says it is amusing to see some of the youngsters listening and trying to intercept the messages, when the wind is blowing on the wire making a humming noise.

"O thou whose days are yet all spring; Faith blighted once is past retrieving; Experience is a dead dumb thing, The victory's in believing!"

Lowell.

Shaking a shower of blossoms from the shrubs.
 And bearing on their fragrance. So he brings
 Music of birds, and nestling of young boughs,
 And sound of swaying branches, and the voice
 Of distant waterfalls.—Bryant.

Stonewall Jackson's Epitaphs.

The epitaph over the name of Stonewall Jackson is generally known and well established. "This continent is not the world, for less than fifty miles from Marlinton, a European put General Jackson (Stonewall) in the list of Presidents of the United States. Suppose the Duke of Wellington and the ruling sovereigns of England when Gen. Jackson was starting the nation and delighting the world by his skillful, energetic and successful exploits of war, in those forty years that tried men's souls, the writer of this was teaching in Lexington, Va., and of course heard much of Jackson, apart from military tactics, and little that concerning truly great men has their own interest. It was my privilege to be frequently in the home of the Kaffner's (Dr. Wm. H. and his interesting lady) who occupied the dwelling off Main Street that had been the residence of Gen. Jackson, I was told. Pensive and pleasant was a quiet walk through the cemetery of Lexington, and easy to find a simple white monument engraved "Eleanor," the tomb of Jackson's first wife who was Miss Jaukin, sister of Mrs. M. J. Preston, the foremost poet of the South, whose works are classic.

It was also my privilege and pleasure to teach regularly in the colored Sunday School of the Presbyterian church of a Sabbath afternoon. This colored school owed its formation to Stonewall Jackson, and he never lost his interest in it. Amid the weighty affairs of military life, those stirring campaigns and the questions of the hour, Jackson remembered and inquired after his humble sable scholars in Lexington, and doubtless prayed for them. For Stonewall Jackson was a man of prayer, we all know that. Like General Gordon, of English memory and likewise of tragic end, he looked to a Higher Power that rules and disposes all earthly affairs: This Power was God, his father and friend before whom he ever knelt and sought counsel of.

So much given to private prayer one might have supposed him ready and fluent in public prayer. Far otherwise. Most quiet and reserved of men he shrank from the duty, and even failed in it; but requested his pastor (Rev. Dr. Wm. S. White of blessed memory) not to refrain from asking him to pray in the evening meetings, because—it was his duty to pray! How far his sense of duty led Jackson! Ah, it was the secret of his great career, and perhaps, of his power over men. Once a written message from him reached Lexington, which many curious over as probably containing was news. What was it? A line to his pastor enclosing a contribution for church work. A unique general, truly, and few such have lived. Well worthy to remember Jackson,—he feared not man, or cannon's front, he feared not toil or danger, he feared no route where duty led; but Jackson feared and loved his Saviour God. A. L. P.

The *Tucker Democrat* in a recent issue, speaks of a certain cave about five miles from Parsons, as grander in many respects than the Mammoth cave in Kentucky. The recesses are peculiar and abound in beautiful and startling formations. At the entrance a current of cool air chills anyone standing in front of the cavern. About fifty feet within the entrance the visitor comes to a spring of icy coolness. To drink of this spring is to excite a strange thirst, and no matter how often one may drink, he must finally go away with an unsatisfied craving for the water.

This must be one of West Virginia's peculiar natural curiosities and will no doubt soon receive the attention it merits.

A MATTER OF DOUBT.

When her lips say no
 While her eyes speak yes
 Pray how do I know
 Which the truth express?
 If Her lips said yes,
 Though her eyes were no,
 Then I must confess
 That I would not go.
 [Judge]

Out of Necessity.

For the Times.

In Turley county it was very much like it is everywhere else, in that not enough justice was meted out by the courts. In the most flagrant cases tried before a court or jury the result was the turning of the accused scott free.

Now, in some sections this would have called for vigilance committees, white caps to rectify nightcaps, lynching bees, or any of those primitive courts of civilization, by which the criminally disposed are held in check; there is little doubt that the lynching of bad men in the South or North is a most effectual practice to discourage crime, but it is one that renders the executive of the court something near criminal itself. It is very doubtful if any of our learned judges would pronounce the sentence of death if he had to actually tie the knot on the prisoner's neck.

But old Colonel Hodges, of Tassleville, had a different, but quite as an effective, plan, one that appealed to the mental rather than the physical forces of the avenger. A lodge or society was formed in a regular manner composed of active and associate members. The object of the society was to furnish prosecuting witnesses, over and above the real witnesses, whenever more evidence was needed to convict. The Colonel was the life and soul of the society, and it was he who decided mainly whether a member of the society was fitted to become an active member and be liable to serve as a witness, or whether he should act as an associate member, and simply give strength and prestige to the order by his name. The meetings always opened with prayer, as it included some of the best churchmen of Turley county, as well as one rich lay preacher. The society never referred to the bare fact that it was a band of liars, but adopted the motto "Protection to our lives and property."

The manner of procedure was after this order. Jim Sullivan, a worthless, down looking fellow, stood indicted for breaking into a farm house, at Tassleville, on the night of the 6th of September 1888 and there was very little evidence to convict him, hardly enough to have raised suspicion, had Jim been possessed of a good character. About the whole evidence was that old man Summerset had found, on getting up, that some one had come into his sitting room during the night and taken the "center table" carrying it to the wood pile, and there had prized the top off it with an axe. The thief had taken about \$16.43, and left the table with the rest its contents behind. Jim had been seen in the neighborhood, and had not come into town as was his usual practice. Also the tracks of the thief were so large that but three men in Turley county could have made them. Of these Jim was the only one whose character was not above reproach. One of others being Col. Hodges himself.

A special meeting was called and after disposing of some minor matters, Jim's case was taken up. The president introduced the case, saying that it was one which demanded immediate attention, and one which came under their jurisdiction in a most direct manner. He said the cards containing the topics to be considered in dealing with the subject would be passed around, in order that the accused might have a fair chance; the following is what the cards contained.

THE CHARTER.

"Be all things to all men."

1. Has the prisoner had a good character hertofore?
2. Does he support his family?
3. Is he considered a good man to have in the neighborhood?
4. To what political party does he belong?
5. Does he pay his debts?
6. Does he keep his stock fat?
7. Is he of sound mind?
8. Is he white?
9. If convicted would it be considered a good thing by the county at large?
10. Dear brother, take into consideration the forgoing questions in

passing on the life and character of the accused, and if with what evidence the weak and helpless State can produce, you think his conviction righteous, vote yes! and may God have mercy on his soul. If not vote no! The vote of the society must be unanimous. One black ball will prevent this society aiding the State. Think and act fairly.

Poor Jim stood no chance from the first. Each member, knowing what he would be called upon to decide, had taken conscientious means to ascertain as to how his vote would be cast, and when the box was passed around, a full vote was recorded and not a black ball to be found in the collection.

The ways and means committee provided the witnesses, who were two worthy citizens of Tassleville, who came into court and testified that they had passed by old man Summerset's house on the night of the robbery, about 3 a. m., and had seen Jim at the woodpile splitting what they supposed was kindling wood, had recognized him, and had asked him if he was not up very early, and he had answered that it was none of their business. Said they had not called him by name.

Jim took the evidence very stolidly, and it is doubtful that he knew whether it was a lie or not, as he afterward told the jailer that he had been drinking a good deal, and that he did not have a very clear recollection of the matter. He got two years in the penitentiary.

To Live in the Country.

There comes in the life of every man who cannot afford it a time of burning unrest when he is overpowered by an uncontrollable desire to five in the country. A railroad man who doesn't know for the life of him which end of the plow you the horses to, is always longing to go on a farm; a successful merchant who vaguely knows that you dig potatoes, although he rather understands that you mine them, as you do coal, bankers, after a certain time of life, for a cheap little place, not too far out of town, where he can sink an artesian milk well, and raise his own bananas, of which he is very fond. And I once knew an able and eminent lecturer who had lectured on "The Pyramids; their cause and effect," for more than twenty years, and who was far more afraid of a horse than a tramp of work, and who thought cows shed their horns every spring, from which source the brass bands renewed their supply of instruments.

Well, that man invested the spoils of many successful lecture tours in a stock farm. We cannot help it; out of the dust we came; back to the soil we are drawn. We are children of the earth and we do love to creep back into the moth er arms, and get our faces down to the sweet old mother heart, where the shadows begin to grow, when the days of our second childhood come upon us, and the time draws near when she will take us into her arms for the last time, and hush us to sleep for the last time on her cool breast.—Robert J. Burdett in *Ladies Home Journal*.

Financial observers and reporters make the gratifying statement that failures are not more than half as numerous this season as they were during the corresponding season of last year. This shows that there must be a favorable reaction, setting in and and revives hope of coming business prosperity. Both Dun and Bradstreet report a decided pick up in commercial affairs.

Congressman Alderson again today demonstrated to Mr. Burrows of Michigan that two can play at the game of objecting. Mr. Burrows has steadily objected to the granting of unanimous consent for the consideration of the direct tax resolution of West Virginia, thereby preventing its passage. Today Mr. Burrows tried to get consent to a private bill in which he is interested, for consideration. Mr. Alderson has prevented this for some weeks, he blocked the Michigan man's game again today, by an objection.—Register.